

# Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR

APRIL 1948



**UNCLE LIM HAS THE DIGNITY** of years; he also has the Faith taught in his Korean homeland many years ago by the missionaries who entered secretly into his country. Today Uncle Lim, who lives in northern Korea, is deprived of his priest. The Russians allow no missionary entrance.

# LATIN AMERICAN HOLY WEEK



**F**ROM THE RIO GRANDE to the Strait of Magellan, there is a world of Catholicism that possesses a warmth and a color which distinguish it quite sharply from the religious life that we know in the land of Uncle Sam. Where priests are few, this spirit of the south lies dormant most of the year; but everywhere, be there priests or not, it bursts into vigorous action during Holy Week.

Every Latin American community smartly astir in a brilliant capital, lost in a remote jungle valley, or perched precariously amid the crags of the Andes re-enacts the drama of the Passion. Father James H. Ray describes a detail in the rich pageantry presented in one of Latin America's great Catholic strongholds, the



Palm Sunday morning. The rich warm glow of a Latin cathedral plays a major role in creating the setting which makes Holy Week so memorable



### Lay folk often stage the entire Holy Week program for lack of a priest

city of Arequipa, Peru.

"I was one of the curb gazers at the Good Friday procession," writes Father Ray. "It was so reverently conducted that I was glad that I balanced from one foot to the other for three hours.

"The procession started at dusk. Some ten thousand persons were in line, while five times that number were banked tightly along the route. Each man and woman carried a softly sputtering green candle. One got the impression of a long string of lights gently wafted by a breeze.

"Spaced at intervals in the line were the instruments of the Passion; for instance, the crown of thorns on a rich satin pillow, and a portion of the True Cross in a large jeweled

reliquary. Various representations had places in the procession: Saint John, carried high on the shoulders of a group of men; a great glass sarcophagus containing the Dead Christ; La Madre Dolorosa, Our Sorrowful Lady, in a long black mantle. A military guard accompanied each important figure."

Far from cultured Arequipa, in every lowly hamlet of the southern continent, the drama of Christ's sufferings and death is portrayed. The tragedy of Golgotha is heightened in the abandonment we witness in many rural regions, where men, women, and children dwell upon Christ's loving sacrifice, but no minister of Christ is with them, no priest is present to offer Mass.



## Horse on the Rice Path

WHEN a man on a horse meets a woman driving an oversized pig, along a narrow road that has room for only one of the travelers, something has to give. If not—! Well, that's the predicament I found myself in recently.

Astride my white horse, I was returning from a visit with a neighboring missionary. The trip out had been slow and uneventful. It was market day, and everyone seemed to be on the road with all his possessions. But on the return trip, the road was all mine. When I speak of a road, don't think of a broad ribbon of concrete or macadam, as found in the United States. Here, a road is usually a narrow bank of earth between rice fields; nothing more than a path.

All went well until I was a few miles from home. Then in the distance I saw a woman driving a boar on a leash. She and her beast were coming towards me. Usually boars

by John T. Tierney

can be driven as easily as horses, because they are constantly on the road; but this case presented a special problem. As the woman approached, she realized that there would not be room to pass. She applied her stick to the boar's ribs, evidently to slow him down and get him off the road—but he took the signal as an indication to put on more speed.

The woman exerted all her strength on the rope, but she was no match for her Gargantuan pig. Squealing with all the volume he could command, to claim the right of way as his, the boar came charging down the road, dragging his owner. I thought of dismounting, but since there was no place to go, but into the wet rice field, I decided to sit tight. Besides, there was yet hope, for the woman still held the leash.

On and on came the big pig. Mean wallops on the snout, tugs on the rope, and some choice rhetorical language concerning his kith and kin, did not halt him. Finally, in the interest of self-preservation, the woman released the rope and took to the rice field.

That left me and the horse holding the road against the pig. On one side of us were rice fields, nice and muddy; on the other side, a placid river wound its way. The choice was easy. I jumped for the muddy real estate.

Sitting there in my white clothes, vanilla in the front and chocolate in the back, I watched the boar push and drag himself and his rope between the horse's legs. He was soundly kicked for his trouble.

# Children's HOUR



This Chinese schoolyard with its game of marbles might well be Hometown, USA

Little boys  
and little girls  
are the same  
the world around'

by Albert J. Nevins

**J**OHNNY KUO has yellow skin, almond eyes, and a wonderful appetite for steaming rice; yet apart from a few minor differences like these, he might as well be named Johnny Jones. Perhaps he has never heard of Superman, or tasted a hot dog. But how many lads in America know about the adventures of Pac Min, the Clever Child, or have had their mouths water for a freshly baked moon cake? Johnny Kuo, like his American counterpart, would



Through the child the missionary often reaches the parents. Father Arthur Cunneen, of Framingham, Mass., poses with some of the mission's toddlers.



The crucifix of this lad's rosary tells the great story of God's love

rather play than go to school; and on Sundays, before he takes off for church, his mother has to check behind his ears to make sure that all real estate has been removed.

Johnny Kuo is a child first, a Chinese second. Like all youngsters, he possesses an insatiable curiosity, a desire for affection and companionship, a talent for mischief and innocent fun. His youthful mind is alert, active, eager to know more about the world in which he lives. His interest in other people of the world is as keen as the interest of any American schoolboy.

What his tomorrow will be, is very

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While much of the education in China is provided through mission schools, many Chinese children have not the opportunity of learning the three R's



These boys (left) show Father Welch something of interest in the rice paddy, while (right) a war-abandoned gas tank is a plaything in Kweilin

much up to you and me. We must help give him the means to a better education, so that his intelligence can be sufficiently developed for successful competition in this highly complicated world. But even more important, we must see that he has the opportunity for spiritual growth, which will endow him with intellectual guidance in his path through life.

Although Johnny Kuo may know and appreciate the story of Easter, millions of his brothers and sisters have never even heard of Christ. It is the duty of each of us — missionary or lay person — to give the story of Easter to them.

One missionary in South China writes: "The more I see of these Chinese kids, the more I am impressed with the fact that they are like the boys in my home neighborhood of Philadelphia."

Another missionary supplies the sentiment that "once you get to know the people here, you cannot help but love them." He adds: "As the youngsters crowd about our mission yard, screaming their heads off in play, they seem — except for a few physical differences — just like the youngsters playing in any American schoolyard."

Look at the pictures on these pages.



From the looks of things Father Lloyd Glass, of Cresco, Iowa, has gotten off a good joke. Below is happy Johnny Kuo, whom this story is about.

The photographs will help you to realize that "kids are kids" the world over. You will appreciate how fundamental are the ties that bind the human family together. You will come to know a proverb familiar to every Chinese youngster: "All under heaven are one family." Then, too, you will understand the urgency we at Maryknoll feel in regard to giving all these youngsters the story of a little Boy who may have spoken in a strange tongue, and possessed the Semitic features of his ancestors, but who is, nevertheless, loved by all the world, because He was the Little Boy of Bethlehem.



# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Most Reverend Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

• **Rapid growth** brings with it many headaches. Not the least of these is the impression, in parts of the mission world, that we are more numerous than the record reveals. This results in requests from far and wide for personnel. It forces us to refuse, and that is not a pleasant task.

Recently, a good friend, a missionary bishop in the Pacific region, asked us to staff his minor seminary. His appeal was eloquent; the need is urgent; the opportunities are great. It was difficult to refuse, but it was impossible to help.

Bishops in South America are continuing to ask for priests. One classic field among uncivilized Indians, is gravely short of priests; its bishop requests us to take half his territory. A bishop in the Andes asks us to give him priests for his Aymaras. An archbishop is anxious to have us staff his seminary. The total of such recent requests is above a score.

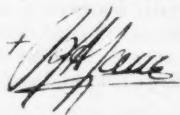
• **We try to explain** the situation, but the effect leaves us convinced that our efforts have not succeeded too well. We are forced by the harsh logic of the facts to accept no new commitments unless the Holy See orders otherwise. All our present missions are understaffed, while the groups working under non-Maryknoll bishops likewise need more priests if they are to do their work effectively.

We count some four hundred

priests. We should have double this number in order to do well the work we have undertaken. It is true that we have some eight hundred students in preparation, but only two hundred and fifty of these are in the major seminary. Three hundred are in the junior college, while the rest are in our high-school classes. "What is this among so many?"

• **Patience and hard work** are the watchwords. We must continue tirelessly to exhort Catholic America's fine young men to heed the call; we must plead with Catholic America's zealous millions to help train these young men. The day will come, God willing, when our annual ordination classes will be truly substantial in size.

Maryknoll is still a struggling youngster. Toward 1954, we should reach our majority. In that year the members of the First Philosophy class just entering, who now number seventy-nine, will be ready for ordination. From then on, we have reason to hope, the number of new priests will grow each year until it shall have passed the hundred mark. It is our prayer that one day American mission societies will be sending overseas a thousand apostles a year.



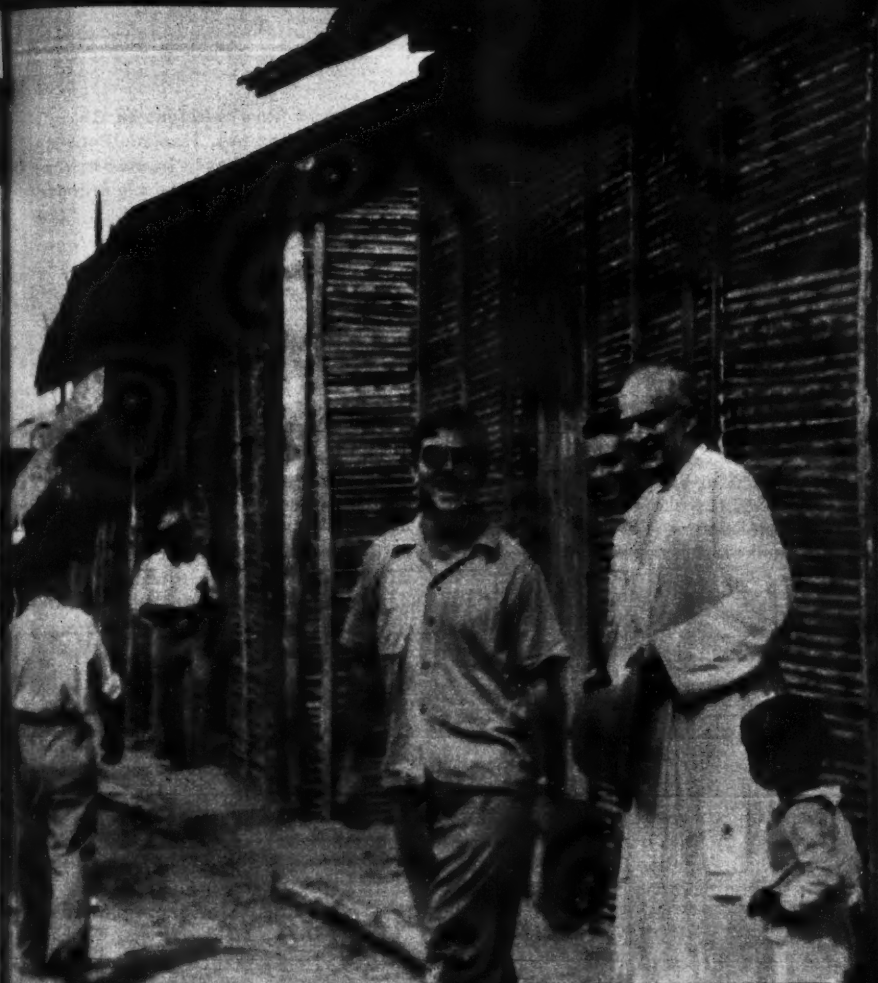
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### BISHOP LANE IN BOLIVIA

Maryknoll's Superior General, Bishop Lane, has just paid a call on Juan Pedro in Cobija, a town of Maryknoll-in-the-Pando, in lowland Bolivia. Bishop Lane, whose missionary life has been passed in the Far East, is now acquainting himself with Maryknoll's mission fields in Latin America.

The Maryknoll Sisters have missions in China, Korea, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii, Bolivia, Nicaragua, and Panama. An easy humor in the little things helps fit them for the big things.

## CATS AND RATS AND GOOD UMBRELLAS

SISTER ELIZABETH ANN was initiated into Bolivian life last night when she woke to find herself in a pool of water. The roof had sprung a leak directly over her bed. But



with the resourcefulness of a real missionary, she put up her umbrella and finished her night's sleep in comparative dryness.

We are always getting leaks in new spots; our tile roof is held together with mud. In the rainy season, the tiles become loosened and slide. One never knows whose turn it will be next to get out her umbrella in the wee hours!—BOLIVIA

THE big event of the day in the kitchen: our Chinese cook's bread turned out good!

—KAYING, SOUTH CHINA

SOMETIMES we wish we had enough Sclocks to supply each of our women pupils with one. Class is at 7:00 P.M. — supposedly. But since the local folk tell time by squinting

at the sun, it is closer to 8:00 P.M. when some get to class. So, always, there are two or three who come just when the lesson is closing. Of course, rather than lose the opportunity, we sit down and start another class. That's what we're here for, isn't it?

—WUCHOW, SOUTH CHINA

WE WERE on the third psalm in Compline this evening, when, as we half expected, the lights went out. Well, we found a candle and lit it; then we gathered around the table and continued to recite the Office. But the poor candle was of wretched quality; it didn't feel equal to the strain of standing upright, even with the support of Sister



Miriam's hand. We tried our best not to laugh at the sight of a candle acting like a jellyfish, and we did fairly well until the hymn was intoned: "Now with the fast departing

light." That was too much, and we broke down.

—MANCHURIA

THE SUN SHONE today after several days of rain, so we made good use of it drying out our rice, flour, etc. The convent is overrun with rats. They are so bold, they even run over us in bed. They make so much noise that we are kept awake trying to decide what they really are: rats, or thieves seeking to break down the doors.

We have tried to buy a cat, but people tell us this isn't the season for cats. Those that are available command fabulous prices. So until the price of cats comes down, we shall have to continue being chummy with the rats.



— KONGMOON,  
SOUTH CHINA

WE ARE getting ready for Christmas, just as Maryknollers are all over the world. It's difficult sometimes to picture a white Christmas in the midst of this heat.

I was rehearsing with Father Bonner's young hopefuls last evening at his mission chapel on the outskirts of town. In the middle of "Holy Night," I looked up at the pastor. The perspiration was dripping off his chin; his cassock was open at the throat; and he was the very picture of a wilting specimen. I could feel the drops trickling down my own spine as I pumped furiously at the old organ.

—BOLIVIA



GUESS WHAT? The big event of this day in the kitchen: the cook's bread turned out good!

— KAYING, SOUTH CHINA

BECAUSE of the noises we heard after Mass this morning, we knew something unusual had happened. It didn't take long to learn that robbers had again broken in during the night. They had walked off with all the students' serving dishes and a basin full of Chinese cakes.

We spent the forenoon entertaining police and detectives. They had brought robbers from the prison, to measure their feet with the footprints beside the wall!

— KAYING, SOUTH CHINA

THESE DAYS are very rainy. We learn more and more what Chinese mud

means, during the daily half-hour walk to church. Sister Barbara Marie was trying to avoid the mud this morning, stepping daintily along. But a pig got excited at seeing so many Sisters in his neighborhood, and ran right into her! — WUCHOW, SOUTH CHINA



ONE may see many strange sights over here, but none more amusing than our night clinic. Coming to Manchuria in the middle of the coldest winter in ten years has had its effect on us: we are all suffering from chilblains; some more, some less.

After night prayers have been

said, Sister Angela Marie takes care of our infirmities. Sister Carolyn and Sister Joan Catherine, not content with having chilblains on their feet, have developed some on their fingers, too, and they present funny

sights with each finger individually wrapped in a bandage. Their hands look like Topsy's curls done up in rags.—MANCHURIA



**T**HIS is Manila. Sister Patricia Marie went to buy a piece of pipe for the pump we must use in our well. She needed about seven feet. At the Chinese hardware store, she found that the pipe comes in 19-foot lengths. The shopkeeper refused to cut it: he would sell 19 feet, or none. She could use more pipe now and again, so Sister took the 19 feet.

Now to get it home. Sister stood by the road, with her 19 feet of pipe. When bus drivers saw her they would slow up; but when they saw the 19 feet of pipe, they would step on the gas again. Finally one good-hearted driver stopped, opened the back of his jeep and slid in the pipe. Home

Sister came, triumphant, with 19 feet of pipe.—PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

**T**HIS MORNING after Mass, Sister Rose Victor left for a few days of shopping in Kweilin, the big town in these parts about twenty miles away. The bus moved so slowly, with no brake and no clutch, and with two flat tires en route, that Sister had her doubts about arriving before nightfall.

Was Sister downhearted because of the delay? Indeed, no! For, as she sat on the road for three to four hours, one of the women passengers asked about the Church and our work. Of course Sister invited her to drop in at the convent at Laipo. Eventually the woman did, and brought another woman with her.



—KWEILIN, SOUTH CHINA

**A**ND WHAT do you suppose is today's big event in the kitchen? The cook's bread turned out good!

—KAYING, SOUTH CHINA

**Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P.O., New York**

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$\_\_\_\_\_ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name\_\_\_\_\_

Street\_\_\_\_\_

City\_\_\_\_\_Zone\_\_\_\_\_State\_\_\_\_\_

As long as possible, I will send \$\_\_\_\_\_ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

a.

Manchuria borders on all of these nations but one: Outer Mongolia, Korea, the Union of Soviet Republics, Tibet.

15

b.

The country with the greatest proportion of its children in Catholic schools: India; U.S.A.; Italy; the Belgian Congo.

20

c.

Paricutin, a volcano in Mexico, grew to a height of a quarter mile: in two months; in seventeen years; in a million years.

10

d.

Missioners are not allowed entrance into any of these nations but one: Russia, Arabia, Greenland, Afghanistan, Siam.

25

e.

Copacabana was originally the name of: a beach in Rio de Janeiro; a shrine in the Peruvian Andes; a night club.

10

f.

The Holy See has divided the entire world into about how many ecclesiastical regions: 68; 1,750; 6,900; 25,000?

15

g.

Salam is an expression that brings to mind; a Bolivian meal; an Eastern greeting; an Italian meat; a ski turn.

5

## Your "Bull's-Eye" Quiz

Here's a difficult quiz on things missionary that will keep you guessing.

Answers are on Page 25. Score for each question at the bottom of circle.



Father Becka of Cleveland,  
late arrival in South China,  
discovers arresting thoughts  
in the many sights he sees.

## New Eyes on China

by Frederick J. Becka

THAT CHINA is still a pagan country is a fact that was brought home forcibly to us today by a seemingly trivial incident. We were at the Middle School keeping our waist-line down with a basketball game when a little tot, with a pair of bowlegs that any cowboy would envy, toddled onto the field and walked into a hard basketball thrown the full length of the court. The ball hit the little fellow full in the face, lifted him off those bowlegs, and threw him flat on his back. Blood trickled from his pug nose, and he began screaming in fright.

The reaction of the pagan audience to all this was one of merriment. The only thing the bystanders did was laugh. No one moved to lift the child, to stop the flow of blood, or

to still his cries. When we rushed to the youngster, the crowd closed in merely to see what the foreigners were doing. To us Americans, nursed in the ways of charity, and new to this land, it seemed odd for people to react in such a way. It is startling to realize that a people who do not know the God of love, can hardly know the commandment of love of neighbor.

RECENTLY I HAD a memorable experience with the barber. In the States, a barber will argue the latest political controversies or discuss the relative merits of the baseball clubs. But our barber was above all that. His speciality was Chinese opera music and ballet. He kept up a perpetual whine and toe-dance through-

out his dangerous manipulation of scissors, hand clippers, and straight razor.

He was generous, too! His services included not only a hair-cut with musical accompaniment, but a shave without lather. The shave began at the forehead, went under the eyes, over the bridge of the nose, in, around and behind the ears, and down the back of my neck to my shoulder blades. Throughout it all, the mumbo-jumbo of his Chinese song and dance continued. When it was all over—the shave, the hair-cut and the music—he put out his hand for his pay, the equivalent of a U.S. ten-cent piece,

**THE WILD CLASH OF DRUMS,** gongs, and cymbals made gooseflesh stand out on all hearers. The screams that rent the air chilled every spine, and the groans, moans, sobs, and sighs softened the hardest of hearts. The occasion was a funeral; the mourners were professionals; the departed soul was a pagan one; and the place was at our back door.

Some time last evening, a family had poled their huge sampan up the river, and had stopped for the night in the cove that reaches into our back yard. The father of the family, who was captain of the boat, did not know then that he would not pole his boat away in the morning. But so it was. Sometime during the night, he breathed his last.

A coffin was procured and brought down to the sampan. A bonze came

and began his gyrations and incantations around the empty coffin, causing the boat to rock crazily. In the meantime, his two assistants, in the best Gene Krupa style, beat an accurate rhythm on drums, gongs, and cymbals. The relatives of the deceased man burned paper money, and put rice and tea in the coffin, for the spirit of their dear departed. The paper burned, the musicians banged, and the bonze prayed, for a half hour or so—then suddenly stopped.

The corpse, bound hand and foot, was placed in the coffin. That was the signal for the official mourners to go into their act. Never had I wit-

nessed such an exhibition of crocodile tears. The mourners' screams went heavenward, and an opera singer might have envied their powerful lungs. As if to drown out the screams, the musicians got at their instruments again. This time there was no measured beat, but only a terrific crescendo of noise that never reached its climax.

The captain was not buried at sea. His remains were removed to land, and laid to rest in a grave carved out of the mountainside. The procession that accompanied the body was disorderly. For the rest of the day, his relatives shot off an abundance of firecrackers, which were supposed to ward off the return of his spirit and prevent the boat from being haunted. It was indeed a strange and futile way of saying, "*Requiescat in pace*"!

**United States Savings Bonds,**  
are welcome gifts. You can  
buy them in our name or list  
Maryknoll as beneficiary. Why  
not consider this way of putting  
your money to work for God  
and country.

# THE PAPER CHAPEL AT VINCES



by

Hugo M. Gerbermann

**P**EPE, the burly boatman, pushed the canoe down the

Vinces River at a record clip. It was *fiesta* time in Playas de Vinces! The little pueblo, sprawled out on the bank of the river, came to life as the usual volley of skyrockets announced the Padre's arrival. Carlos Junior, the son of fat, ever-smiling Carlos Chau, was on hand to welcome me to his father's house. The building has the appearance of a hotel of the early days in a Western town at home. It is a rambling structure of seemingly endless rooms, where everybody comes and goes, so that a stranger cannot tell who belongs there, and who doesn't.

After I had refreshed myself with a cup of steaming coffee, Jose, the man in charge of the *fiesta*, came to show me the chapel. I had heard of a rock-candy mountain, but this is the first time I ever saw a paper chapel. It was a skeleton structure of six upright poles, with a few strips of reed serving as crosspieces. The whole building was entirely covered with white wrapping paper! The roof was flat and, like the walls, consisted of paper.

"For three years, we have had a committee organized to build a

chapel," explained Jose, "but we have collected only promises." The Padre felt his empty pockets, and Jose had another promise.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the services began. I, having been told long ago that one could judge a people by their church, experienced a pleasant surprise. A group of girls with angelic voices presented themselves to sing hymns. The paper enclosure was so packed that soon arms and legs were pushed through the walls. But this situation, so full of possibilities for confusion, did not disturb the people, or hinder them from letting their voices ring out clearly as we slowly and devoutly counted off the beads of the Rosary.

After the catechism instructions, several persons presented themselves for confession. I looked around. There was no place to sit or kneel except the damp, dirt floor. Consequently, the confessions were heard while penitent and Padre stood up. Then the saving waters of Baptism were poured on twelve infants.

Well satisfied, I retired to the rambling house. There Rosa, Carlos' efficient wife, showed me my wooden bed covered with immaculate sheets. Before slumber came, I couldn't help but compare the paper chapel of Vinces with the stable in Bethlehem. I wondered if that holy birthplace could have been more destitute than this place in which our Lord was to be re-born in my hands the following morning.

Some day, soon, we shall have a real chapel at Vinces. How we shall get it, I don't know. But faith will always find a way. The people here have faith in abundance.



Youngsters in rural Chile are born on a horse and are steeped in the love of field and woods, but good farming needs more than what comes from hearsay.

## Teaching Farmers to Farm

Today beans and chicks,  
tomorrow  
the insides of a tractor

by James F. McNiff

**E**VERY BOY for miles around us can be called a country boy, and yet Molina School is devoted to teaching such boys how to be farmers. The explanation is not hard to find. Chilean estate owners know their business, and a few of the men

who labor for them possess an intelligent comprehension of modern agriculture; but the rank and file of estate workers spend their lives without much systematic education for the needs of their walk in life. This is to the detriment of the workers and of the general economy of the country.

Bishop Larrain, of Talca, has convinced a number of the great landowners in the neighborhood, as well as many people of more modest station, that it will be helpful to all concerned if some of the more promising sons of the workers can be given a special education. This education will aim, not to take the boys

away from the farms, but to make them well-informed and skillful farmers.

Naturally the Bishop thinks in broader terms than farming; his eye envisions the whole of life in the Chilean countryside. He sees the professional agitators stirring up trouble among the farm hands, and the shortsighted owners fighting back without penetrating to the bottom of the problem. His Excellency feels that a wholesome social regime is the answer to the Communists. This means a body of Chilean farmers with education, economic dignity, and strong Catholic principles, led by members of their own class who are able to point out clearly to the rank-and-file the falseness of the theories of class hatred.

The cultural phases of our farmer boys' training embrace all the requirements of a good Chilean school, plus two hours a week of religion. The head of our agricultural course is Senor Iglesias, Director of the *Escuela Agrícola* of Romeral. He has a degree in agronomy from the University of Chile.

During June and July, which here

are the prelude to winter, we had a special course in pruning trees and vineyards. We are, you will recall, in some of the richest vineyard lands of the world, with a wine industry

that rivals that of Italy or of California. Hence the intricate art of viticulture has great practical value here.

We plan to plant a commercial flower garden, and we are beginning the cultivation of bees. We have a

scientifically constructed chicken house with cement floor; our fowl are a pure breed of Leghorns, which the boys are undertaking to raise in the most approved scientific manner.

Next come the industrial and mechanical phases of modern farming. These are in charge of a former professor at Romeral, who is teaching the boys carpentry and is preparing to operate the blacksmith shop. At the moment the latter leaves more than a little to be desired in the way of equipment. These technical courses will entail considerable expense.

Maryknoll's particular contribution to the Molina School must be the building of sterling characters in these farmer boys.

### Danger — Take Care!

**When you make your will, employ an attorney. There are many technical legal requirements; Maryknoll's free booklet, "The Making of a Catholic Will," describes some of them.**

**Write us for it.**

### "Patience, Patience," Says Grandfather

"CHINESE COFFINS are a gift deeply appreciated by those who have had the happiness of celebrating their sixtieth birthday. I recall having been led by one old man to his loft to look at his coffin. He fondled it with his wrinkled hand and seemed so very pleased that I said: 'Your coffin is a really fine one, Grandfather! I wish I had one like it!' He smiled as he answered in his quavering old voice: 'You just wait, Shen Fu. You will have one.'"—*Father Krack, in STOP KILLING DRAGONS.*

# While Bullets Fly

Maryknollers work  
on the edge  
of Manchuria's war

J. Michael Henry

MARYKNOLL IN MANCHURIA was very near to annihilation during the past year, but there is a vigorous kick left in us yet. Over ninety per cent of Manchuria is in the hands of the Communists. However, after dodging about a bit, we still find ourselves in the part that is free.

My evacuation of Antung, near

the Korean border, was sudden and dramatic. The siege of Changchun and the terrible battle of Szepingkai were a nightmare. We found it necessary to evacuate most of the Maryknoll Sisters, but a group of us priests are carrying on in the neighborhood of Fushun.

What a magnificent job one could do here now with a hospital or a well-equipped dispensary! I have a limited amount of medicine and some small knowledge of how to use it, and both certainly are helpful and appreciated. I have been able to handle a number of wounded Chinese officers and men of the army fighting the Communists, and they have shown themselves very grateful. We are close enough to the fighting lines

Fushun now has the only seminary in northeast China. The uniforms are a gift.



to get them when they are brought in. We are still treating the wounded of one battle when those of the next begin to arrive.

All of these Chinese soldiers are non-Christians, but they are very well disposed. A young lieutenant saw me give a medal to a Catholic child, and he asked me for one. I gave him also a few words on God. I thought he would keep the medal as a curio, but some days later, when he was brought in wounded, I saw it on a cord around his neck.

"Did you think of God during the battle?" I asked.

"Many times," he replied. "I feel sure that it is God who saved my life, since our major was killed right by my side."

Recently a group of civilians and officers requested me to teach them English. Some twenty young men, most of them college and university students, formed the class. I found many an occasion to sow seeds for the Lord, and I hope that some day they will sprout. The class was a lively affair, since machine-gun and target practice were in progress only a few hundred yards away.


My principal position at the moment is rector of the seminary. Except for Mukden, ours is the only seminary in northeast China. The Foreign Missioners of Quebec, who

are north of us at Szepingkai and who have been in very close contact with the Maryknollers, have lost everything. Bishop Lapiere has brought his seminarians here, and

we are doing our best to continue to prepare priests even though the bullets fly. Monsignor Provost, of the Quebec Fathers, whose mission of Lintung has been destroyed, is spiritual director for us. Fathers Tai and Ho assist me with the teaching as do

the capable Mr. Pai and Mr. Wu.

There is something akin to the atmosphere of the catacombs in our house of studies, for the homes and families of almost all these boys are in Communist territory. Many of their dear ones may well have suffered for the Faith. Our position is precarious, but it is surprising how industriously these candidates study. They will be zealous priests, for they are suffering daily to reach their prized goal.



## PRAYERS, PLEASE

Will you, too, remember the following requests we have received for prayers?

Persons sick .....	1,201
Persons deceased .....	3,225
Persons in the services .....	160
Other special intentions .....	2,346

### A NEW BLOW FALLS

*Editor's Note: Further calamity has tumbled in upon Manchuria since the above lines were written. For a second time since the end of the war, the Maryknoll Sisters and most of the Fathers have been forced by the fighting to withdraw. Give Maryknoll-in-Fushun a special prayer.*

# Fathers Conley and Flanagan

THE ORPHANS and the poor in Toishan, South China, are mourning the loss of a true friend. Death, with little warning, has called Father Lawrence A. Conley. Only thirty-nine years old, Father Conley—a native of Quincy, Massachusetts—was fashioning an enviable reputation for his work among the unfortunate people in his mission area.

When he found some war orphans in rags and scavenging about the city for food, he rented an abandoned temple to give them a home. Soon he had almost a hundred youngsters in his care. He clothed those orphans, fed them, opened a school for them, and began teaching them trades so that some day they would be equipped to make their own way in life.

Another of his charities was the feeding of some 2,000 poor daily, in three rice lines. In the morning, Father Conley would distribute food at the local railroad station, to 1,500 poor. At noon, another 300 would gather at his mission, but to get assistance here the person had to be ill. In the afternoon, children and nursing mothers would assemble before the mission to get their allotment of rice and powdered milk.



Father Conley



Father Flanagan

Father Conley summed up the reason for his charity in a letter written shortly before his death. "Some one just had to do something for these poor people," he wrote. "No one else seemed to be the least interested in them, so I felt it to be my duty as a priest to try to help as much as I could."

Death has also come to Father George P. Flanagan. Father Flanagan passed away quietly at Maryknoll Seminary, after a long illness. He was an active missionary in South China until illness forced his return to this country. Father Flanagan hailed from Philadelphia. He passed away at the age of forty-seven.

A man of broad interests, clever wit, and sparkling humor, he bore his sufferings during his last years without ever complaining. Before heart disease rendered him inactive, Father Flanagan served as pastor of the San Juan Bautista Mission, in California, as a professor at Venard College, and as assistant director of the Maryknoll Novitiate.

~~~~~  
"Christianity has not failed. It has hardly been tried."— *Clare Booth Luce.*

# AN ARTIST IN THE ANDES

THE RUGGED BEAUTY of the Andean highlands has been dramatically captured by the talented Peruvian artist, F. Montoya. On these pages, we present a sampling of his work in a region where picturesque people and awesome scenery fashion an artist's paradise.



Lake Titicaca



Christian relic

An Indian shepherd



F. MONTAÑA



Aymara Indians at prayer



Market  
Place

# News! News!—a wonderful new book!

☞ Here is a *really big event* in the world of boys and girls.

☞ We invite you to meet Carl with his fair hair, Olga with her dark hair, Ah Lan with her "skin like pale gold," and Ronald, the Negro boy, with his "beautiful dark skin." They all pop right out of the pages of MY BOOK ABOUT GOD.

☞ Sister Mary Juliana, a master story-teller among the Maryknoll Sisters and for many years a missionary Sister in China, has written the simple tale. Sister Maria Giovanni, a Maryknoll Sister and a skillful artist, has prepared the twenty-two beautiful illustrations. The Macmillan Company has put the charming story and bright pictures into print.

☞ Everybody who has seen the book has fallen in love with it. "I am charmed with MY BOOK ABOUT GOD," Archbishop Ritter, of St. Louis writes.

"The author and artist have caught the full vision of childhood. In these bright colorful pages, they portray God as the Father of all children, and each child as a brother and friend to every other child, regardless of the color of his skin or of the land where he was born."

☞ One of the deans in preparing Catholic school curriculums is Sister Mary Joan, now of Edgewood College, Madison, Wis.

"I think MY BOOK ABOUT GOD is delightful and timely," she writes. "The pictures are lovely and appealing. Children of all the primary grades and the intermediate and upper grades, too, will enjoy this book."

☞ "MY BOOK ABOUT GOD arrived this morning," writes Miriam Marks, of the National Center of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, Washington, D.C.

"I found it so delightful that even the inside back cover was perused before I put it down. From the viewpoint of teaching religion, I think the book will be of immense value to parents. It would be excellent to have several copies in every children's library, particularly the Parish Confraternity Library."

☞ "In many a primary classroom, there will be an honored place for MY BOOK ABOUT GOD," writes Sister Mary Nona, of the Catholic University in Washington.

"It is a book that has been long awaited by young children and their teachers—and their parents and grandparents as well! Teachers will be happy to have its sound truths available for the children, for their rapt listening and their joyful re-reading."

Thanks to all for these bouquets!

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copies of MY BOOK ABOUT GOD, at \$2 each.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

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Every Saturday afternoon between five and eight, 1,200 poor families of Kyoto get food from the local St. Vincent de Paul Society.

## 12 Apostles of Kyoto

A few men  
go a long way

by Harold J. Felsecker

POOR AND CRIPPLED, Buddhist and Shintoist, pagan and Christian, Protestant and Catholic, stood in the line formed outside the Kyoto church. The line represented one thousand families who found it hard to get their daily bread.





Top left to right: Father Kaschmitter, Father Hunt, Brother William, Father Felsecker, Brother Clement. Center: Father Edmund Ryan and helper. Bottom: Father McKillop and friend.



The parish St. Vincent de Paul Society has been giving a one-day supply of food to such a group each week, for the past few months. The breakdown of transportation and the operations of blackmarketeers made it impossible for the people to buy sufficient food. Father Leo J. Steinbach, formerly of Chariton, Iowa, knew that something had to be done, and he did it by organizing the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

One day a week is spent locating food and obtaining permission to purchase it at official prices. On Saturdays our truck hauls the food to the church. Fish, potatoes, beans, peas, and bamboo sprouts clutter up the meeting hall. Around three P.M. the people start to gather, but it is not till six that the distribution begins. The charity of the Church impresses these hungry people, and not a few manifest their gratitude with tears in their eyes.

Of course this work costs a lot of money, almost all of which is obtained locally. A minimum of two hundred dollars, or ten thousand local dollars, is needed weekly. But the Lord provides in wondrous ways. A well-to-do Japanese, a prosperous shopkeeper, a humble wage-earner, an American soldier, an anonymous letter-writer, and the church poor box, all combine to furnish the means.

The groups of young men who compose this branch of Kyoto Vincentians are very well worth attention. The leaders number about a dozen, and they have been dubbed "the twelve apostles." They are not mere joiners or dues-payers; they are men who are convinced that charity should be part of the main fabric of every life, and not a piece of trimming out on the margin.

Since its foundation, the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Kyoto has assisted over 15,000 families by giving each approximately one day's supply of food. In Kyoto there are approximately 8,200 families in extreme need. The Society assists these at the rate of 1,200 families each week. Every Monday, in the seven ward offices of the city, tickets are presented to the Relief Bureau, for distribution to the very poorest. These families each send a member

### OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**

to St. Francis Xavier Church on Saturday, between five and eight o'clock and there a free allotment from the Vincentians is given to each applicant.

A typical allotment consists of eight pounds of vegetables, one and one half pounds of fish, and a pair of *geta* (Japanese wooden clogs). Most of the vegetables are donated by nearby farmers.

During the winter, clothing and shoes were distributed according as they were obtained. Some had come in boxes received from American friends of the Maryknollers. Old clothing and food, especially powdered milk for the babies, were the most welcome articles. (And may I whisper that we could use more? Each box should weigh not over eleven pounds, and should be addressed as follows: St. Vincent de Paul Society, Catholic Church, Kawaramachi Sanjo, Kyoto, Japan.)

### Quiz Answers

- a. Tibet. Manchuria is the northern province of China. Tibet is far to the south, near India.
- b. Belgian Congo. Through government co-operation, almost the entire school system of the Congo — 400,000 children — is in the care of Catholic missions.
- c. Two months. One day in February, 1943, a Mexican farmer, Dionisio Pulido, was working in his fields. Suddenly smoke came from the ground; a volcano began to grow. Next day it was 25 feet; a week later, 500 feet; in two months, 1,100 feet. It is still growing.
- d. Siam has had priests for centuries; the other countries are closed to missionaries.
- e. Years ago pilgrims returning from the shrine of the Virgin of Copacabana, in Peru, were shipwrecked off the coast of Brazil. They succeeded in reaching the shore near Rio de Janeiro, and they named the spot after the shrine.
- f. The Holy See has divided the earth into some 1,750 divisions: archdioceses, dioceses, mission vicariates and prefectures.
- g. Salam (also salaam) is an Eastern form of greeting.

## The Resurrection and the World

### Dawn

The Resurrection of Christ was a unique fact in human history. Such an event had never happened before, and such was never to happen again. To rise in glory from the dead was a miracle that surpassed the powers of men so completely, and went to the heart of their chief problem so directly, that it revealed itself at once as the manifest work of God. In that long ago, there were many who did not believe that the miracle happened. Even to this day, there are great multitudes who never even heard that it happened. But those who both knew and believed the revolutionary fact found life com-

pletely changed — then, now, and forever.

The Resurrection clarified the whole human struggle. In its light, life became a privilege and death an episode. Mankind suddenly had a future. To those who were weary of humanity's futile efforts to chart life, to know what it meant, to decide what to do with it, and to determine what it should lead to, the unique miracle was the end of all seeking.

### Day

The Saviour had come that all men on the five continents might have life, and might have it more abundantly; and to as many as re-



BISHOP MOLLOY

### The Master's Plan in a Master Plan

"We, priests, religious, people, and children of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of Brooklyn, propose to do our full share in satisfying the extraordinary demands of the world-wide missionary enterprise.

"In fulfillment of this serious and sacred task, we shall utilize our diocesan unit of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith . . . Its mission program will be . . . our primary concern and principal objective.

"At the same time . . . we entertain feelings of sincerest admiration and appreciation of the precious contribution of the religious men and women who supply personnel for the missions at home and in foreign lands. . . . We shall endeavor to respond to their appeals for material aid, in order that they may continue to extend their blessed services of bringing souls to a knowledge, love, and service of Jesus Christ." — THOMAS E. MOLLOY

ceived Him, He gave power to be made the sons of God. He gave them the living bread which came down from heaven. A Church was established to administer the means of grace. It had in it a principle of energy that caused it to grow and flourish and perform its saving functions. Christ Himself dwelt in it. He called it His body, and He animated it with His own divine life. It brought Him to men in His grace, in His truth, and in His Sacramental Actuality. Through it He made men children of God and heirs of heaven, forgave sins, blessed sinners, explained mysteries, consoled sorrows, strengthened weaknesses, and affirmed the soul-stirring promises of eternal life. The whole provision was the first and only plan ever made, before or since, that even envisaged all the serious problems of human life on earth, not to speak of explaining their meaning and establishing their solutions. It was the rescue of man — a rescue final, radical, complete, and permanent.

## Night

That was nineteen hundred years ago. Today the world still contains well over a billion souls who know little or nothing about their only means of salvation. A groping, misery-crammed insecurity is the normal outlook for those great masses of deserving people. They work hard and have a poor life; they suffer from social, political, and economic

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America*



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

Maryknoll P. O., New York

hardships of every kind, in addition to spiritual hunger. Meanwhile they do not know where to turn in their distress and perplexity, although their basic wants are simple. They ask from the world they live in only the freedom and dignity of normal human beings. Does not anybody see them — scattered all over the globe in their rags and indignity, their hearts empty and their souls dark, as they wait on the charity of their brothers? It is imperative to do something about their need. It is time to aid in their struggle.

# The Education of a Maryknoll Missioner

**B**ECAUSE he will have to face problems far different from those found in his homeland, the American priest must have special training to prepare him for work in foreign-mission fields.



**T**HE MISSIONER is a highly educated man: usual college course, plus four years additional of Theology, Scripture, Canon Law, and History of the Church. The people with whom he will work usually have little education; can offer him small intellectual stimulus. Therefore, he must have resources hidden within himself.

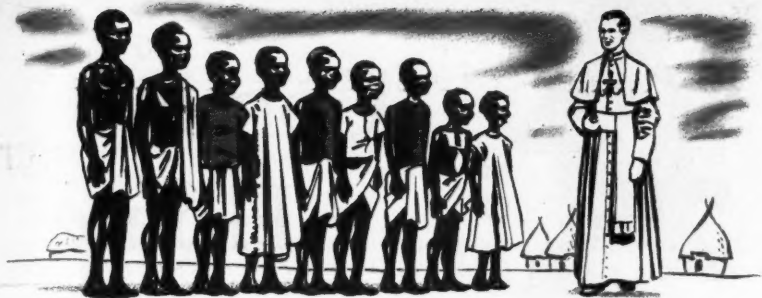


**B**UT his education must include also certain practical arts that will be his stock in trade when he is in some foreign land. Chief of these is a knowledge of medicine. His people will depend upon him in time of sickness. Preparing for this, a course in medicine is part of his major-seminary training, supplemented by hospital training in first aid and pharmacy during summer months before his ordination and mission departure.

**T**HE MISSIONER must know something about cooking: he learns this art in the Novitiate, preparing and cooking the daily meals. Manual labor gives him experience in carpentry, farming, mechanics, and other crafts that will be useful on the missions. Athletics will train his body to stand the rigors of the life before him.



*For further information, write: Vocation Director, Maryknoll, P. O., New York*



## Three Cheers for the Bishop

by William J. Collins

IT WAS "Hip, hip, hurrah!" and three days of celebration, when the Bishop came to town.

Perhaps you folks back in the United States are used to bishops; but here in Musoma, Africa, members of the hierarchy are almost as rare as icebergs.

What made the occasion doubly festive is the fact that Bishop Blomjous is our own Superior. A member of that great mission society, the White Fathers, the Bishop was a missionary priest here in Tanganyika when the Holy Father appointed him to his present post. He returned to Europe for his consecration, and then came back to Africa via the U.S.A., where he spent several weeks at Maryknoll.

There was much work done to prepare for the Bishop's coming. Chief item on the agenda was the construction of his throne. For a few days, the throne caused us some worry, but it was ready for his arrival. To make it, we filled two forms with

sand, topped the whole off with mud, and then prayed that the sun would dry it in time.

We gave the Bishop a royal welcome. With the band and our schoolboys, we went to the outskirts of town to await his arrival. Soon we heard noises like gunfire. Then over the horizon came Father Good, astride his motorcycle, looking like a New York policeman on Fifth Avenue. Behind him followed the procession. The band blared, and the people jumped up and down, yelling lustily. The Bishop had arrived!

His Excellency went first to the church. There the huge throng nearly lifted the roof off as they sang, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name." The Bishop then gave all his blessing, and we went outdoors for speeches and individual greetings. You should have seen the people kiss the Bishop's ring! Some seemed to try to bite it; others lapped it with their tongues; others bumped it on their foreheads.

It was quite a celebration!



# Coming Home

by Joseph B. Donnelly

One altar boy was missing

TIME had hardly touched the vigor and zeal of Father Thorpe, the white-haired pastor at Szu Tong. A visiting missionary was reflecting on that as his host was busily engaged in looking over Chinese mementos — a term he used for his mission scrap book.

Father Thorpe gazed earnestly on the page entitled "Anniversary Remembrances"; it was covered with holy cards, pictures, and other small tokens, given him by his people on the tenth anniversary of his ordination. Glancing over the pastor's shoulder, Father Haver's eye was caught by a painting of the Chinese Madonna. Beneath the picture were written in Chinese characters the words, "Queen of the Missions, pray for me!"

"That's a very beautiful painting," the visiting missionary remarked.

Father Thorpe smiled as he replied: "That is one of my prized possessions. It was a gift from my

first group of altar boys, six in number. When they finished their course in ceremonies, I gave each of them a small holy card like this, as a diploma. I told them always to pray to Our Lady for guidance. Then, when my anniversary came, they had this beautiful painting made and presented it to me.

"Of course, that was many years ago. Now three of those altar boys are priests, working zealously among their own people. The fourth is a busy merchant in Shanghai; and the fifth, after years of struggling, studied medicine in America and is now a doctor of high repute. The sixth boy seemed to disappear. After he grew up, he left the village, and I have not seen or heard of him during these years. But I know that the Queen of the Missions is watching over him, my Altar Boy Number Six."

Later that night, Father Thorpe was awakened by eager poundings on the door. He rose quickly and

opened it. There stood his catechist, crying out: "Quick, Father, hide! Bandits in the next village! They are coming this way!"

Father Thorpe roused his junior confrere, saying, "Hurry, Father, and get up, for we might have to entertain a band of vandals before the night is over." Then the two priests made sure that everything of value was well concealed.

In the distance, rifle shots could be heard, but after a short time they died down. Soon the keen eyes of Father Thorpe saw a figure running toward the mission gate. It was the catechist. "The bandits fled in the other direction," he called breathlessly, "but the soldiers are after them."

Later that night Father Thorpe was again awakened by a loud knocking. Again he opened the door. That time the knocker was a little girl.

"Quickly, Father," she said, "before he dies!"

Without waiting to hear more, Father Thorpe made preparations for a sick call. A few moments later he started out, following the small figure in silence. The way was long and tedious, and the priest stumbled often on the dark path. Finally, after some miles of walking, he was ushered into a foul-smelling room.

In one corner of the room, Father Thorpe saw a man lying on a heap of dirty clothing. The man's life was ebbing away in a flow of blood from his side.

"What do you want?" the man asked weakly, as he saw the newcomer.

"I've come to help you before it is too late," Father Thorpe answered.

"How did you know I am a Catholic?"

"Your little girl came for me," was the reply.

"I have no little girl. I did not send anyone for you," the man whispered.

Father Thorpe looked around. Except for himself and the dying man, the room was empty. However, the urgent task ahead did not permit speculation then.

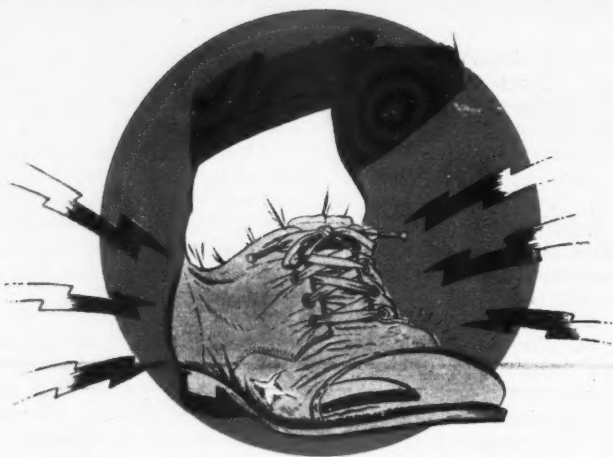
"Your time is short," the priest insisted. "Make your peace with God."

There was no answer. But the priest begged, cajoled, and reasoned, until the dying man finally relented. He said that he was the leader of the bandits, and that he had been shot by a soldier. Deserted by his followers, the bandit chief had managed to throw the soldiers off his trail and, with painful efforts, had reached this little hut. Then he began his confession, telling of his life of evil. As he talked he grew calmer.

The priest administered the Last Sacraments. Afterwards, the bandit's lips moved in prayer—slowly at first, then slower still—until finally they closed and prayed no more.

The man's reconciliation at death was a joyous event for Father Thorpe. As he uttered a prayer of thanksgiving to God, he noticed a small paper sticking out of the man's pocket. Hoping for some means of identification, Father Thorpe picked it up. He stopped suddenly when he saw that it was a holy card of the Chinese Madonna, with the Chinese inscription, "Queen of the Missions, pray for me."

Altar Boy Number Six had come home.



## The Shoe Pinches

Too much foot in too little shoe means that things are overcrowded. That's our predicament. We need another "shoe"—a seminary to house our ever-increasing number of future apostles.

We have obtained property near Chicago, at Glen Ellyn, Illinois. There we hope to build a new "shoe" to relieve the "pinch."

YOU — as an individual, a family, a group, a club, or a society — can help.

1. Join the Brick-A-Month Club. Bricks, labor, cement, etc., will form part of our future house. Dues per month...\$2.
2. Give: one section of a unit\*.....\$400; one complete unit\*....\$1,600; any gift towards the total....\$\_\_\_\_\_.

\* 1 unit represents the studying, eating, sleeping, and chapel space for one student.

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THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

I (we) should like to become a Patron of the new Maryknoll seminary at Glen Ellyn. Enclosed find my (our) offering of \$\_\_\_\_\_.

I (we) should like to join the Brick-A-Month Club. Please send a reminder monthly.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

# MIGUEL BAKES THE BISCUITS



Down in jungle-land Bolivia, there is a tiny co-operative village called Cavinás, where life is simple and regular. The people, old and young, have their own jobs. Miguel has the task of baking the village's biscuits.



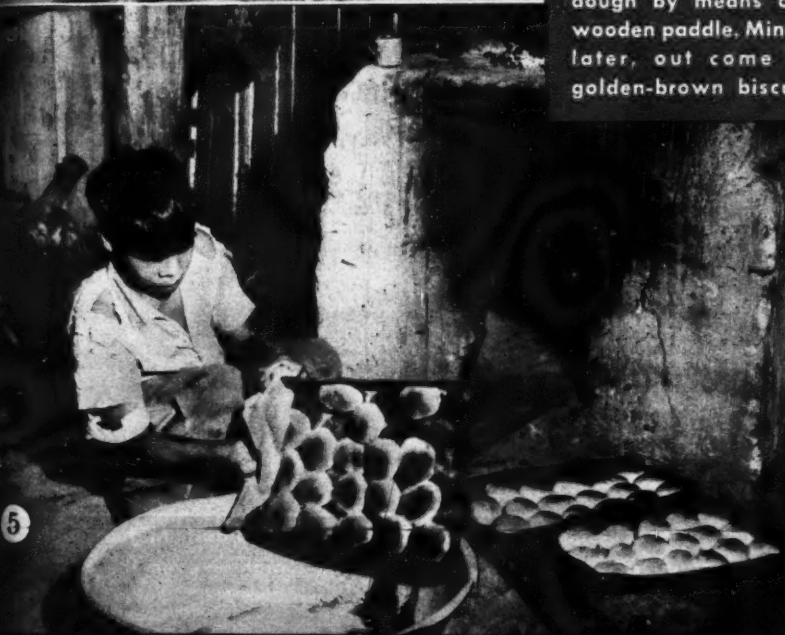
The flour is first sifted into a hollowed-out tree trunk, to eliminate hidden worms. Then Miguel and his brother, Tito, whip up the dough.



The biscuits are formed by hand, like snowballs. Padre Gorden Fritz is trying to educate Miguel to wash his hands before this part of the job.



4  
Into an earthen oven, where a fire has long been burning, goes the dough by means of a wooden paddle. Minutes later, out come the golden-brown biscuits.





6

Even if he had prepared the finest salad at the Waldorf, Miguel could not be prouder. Everyone will have biscuits tonight — even the Padre!



## *A Maryknoll Annuity*

*... offers spiritual and temporal advantages*

**A**N ANNUITY is one of the approved methods of protecting savings and, at the same time, of assuring a fixed income for life for yourself, a relative or friend.

A Maryknoll Annuity offers additional advantages. It is a spiritual investment as well. For

the donor not only helps in the work of bringing Christ to fields afar, but also participates in the prayers and works of Maryknoll.

The details of a Maryknoll Annuity are contained in a brief, descriptive booklet we shall be glad to send you on request.

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK.**

I will be interested to receive your FREE "Maryknoll Annuity Booklet."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

P.S.—Please also send the free booklet, "The Making of a Catholic Will."



# A Drop in the Bucket

by Frederick Hartman

IN MY MIND'S EYE I see myself traveling by horse, up a long mountain trail in the province of Huehuetenango, in Guatemala. My Indian guide riding ahead of me suddenly stops and suggests that we dismount.

"A funeral party is coming down," he says by way of explanation.

We jump from the saddle and pull our animals back against the mountain, as a file of Indians comes into view around the curve. Two men in the lead are carrying a corpse wrapped in matting. Two other men carry the boards for the coffin, which will be assembled at the grave. Then follow the mourners, men and women.

Here is a spectacle, indeed. This region of Latin America has been Catholic for over three hundred years; yet throughout most of the area, when a man dies, there is never question of the Last Rites or of Christian burial. His friends carry his remains down the steep paths and put them into the ground. Without even a priest to raise his hand in blessing, family and friends stand alone and lift their eyes solemnly, amidst the mountain grandeur, to offer their Indian prayers to their Maker.

I relate the incident as one of a thousand facets of a profound experience that I have just undergone. I have just read the book, *Call for Forty Thousand*, by Maryknoll's Father Considine. I am a pastor in New Jersey, an old friend of Maryknoll, and I write to say that a brief summary of the main argument of this book should be published in *The Field Afar*. It is a vividly clear and forthright portrayal of the Latin American mission situation.

I can now see the need for Maryknoll in Latin America: a big job awaits our missionaries. I had no idea that the task could be so great, and I am sure that many others who have thought of Latin America as a distinctly Catholic continent will gasp when they learn the facts.

The book brings out very nicely the glorious work of the past. But what a woeful shortage of clergy and Brothers and Sisters exists today in Latin America! In the great area from Mexico to Argentina and Chile, there are less than 25,000 priests serving 130,000,000 souls. Even allowing an average of 2,000 Catholics per priest, Latin America would have enough clergy for 50,000,000 who need priests; at the rate of one priest to every 2,000 people, Latin America stands in need of 40,000 more priests.

In Brazil, a mighty nation of 45,000,000 people, there are only 5,000 priests; some 30,000,000 people live without adequately organized parish life. In Peru, a nation of 7,000,000, there are only 1,500 priests; over half the inhabitants are

### SEE FOR YOURSELF

Get this vivid and very readable story of present-day Latin America, written by Father John J. Considine.

### Call for Forty Thousand

A Longmans Green publication: 319 pp. \$3. Order from:

**Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P. O., N.Y.**

practically without clergy. In Panama, a nation of two thirds of a million people, there are only 80 priests: Guatemala, with 3,000,000 people, has but 125 priests. Paraguay, with over 1,000,000 people, has barely 100 priests. So goes the story.

Each of us should take to heart the lament of Doctor Benitez, pastor of the great cathedral in Caracas, the capital of Venezuela. He says, "It is saddening to think what good we are kept from doing because we are so pitifully few."

All this is a challenge to Maryknoll and to all American Catholics. Compared with the problem, anything that we have done thus far is but a drop in the bucket.

### A FEW STATISTICS ON LATIN AMERICA

The twenty republics of Latin America, plus the territorial possessions of outside powers, contain a total population of 140,147,153. About 10,000,000 are non-Catholics.

| Countries                              | Catholic Priests | Population adequately cared for at 2,000 per priest | Balance of population |
|----------------------------------------|------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Brazil .....                           | 5,000            | 10,000,000                                          | 35,002,176            |
| Chile, Argentina, Uruguay .....        | 5,400            | 10,800,000                                          | 10,309,818            |
| Paraguay, Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador ..... | 2,800            | 5,600,000                                           | 9,331,515             |
| Colombia, Venezuela, the Guianas ..... | 3,900            | 7,800,000                                           | 6,298,618             |
| Middle America .....                   | 6,380            | 12,760,000                                          | 32,225,026            |
| Latin American Total .....             | 23,480           | 46,960,000                                          | 93,187,153            |

# RELIEF PITCHER- KOREAN LEAGUE

Even Koreans felt the atom bomb

By George M. Carroll

A BIG two-and-a-half-ton truck pulls up in front of the Public Health and Welfare Warehouse, and the laborers start to load on bale after bale of clothing and shoes — labeled *LARA*.

These letters stand for Licensed Agencies for Relief in Asia: a group of Protestant and Catholic Church organizations, whose main purpose is to help the peoples of Asia through contributions of clothing, shoes, bedding, medicine, and some food. Catholic War Relief Services, of N.C.W.C., sent \$22,000 worth of medicines and about \$90,000 worth of clothing and shoes. The medicine included cod liver oil, vitamins, aspirin, zinc ointment, Boric acid ointment, and so forth.

After the truck is loaded, Dr. Bliss Billings, Methodist missionary from Denver, Colorado, who has spent thirty-nine years in Korea, gets on. I join him, and off we go to one of the Refugee Camps, to distribute clothes to thousands of people who either have fled from North Korea to

escape Communist persecution or have been repatriated from Japan or Manchuria or some place in the Pacific. For the most part, those refugees have lost everything on their way down from the north or from whatever place they left. Most families were able to salvage only the clothes on their backs and a little bedding.

When we arrive at the camp, we get the manager and have him bring the people out. They are called according to families, and the head of the house comes up and receives the clothes for the whole family. The doctor and myself then give some little dresses or suits for the children, many of whom are running around in either their birthday suits or rags.

It is pleasant to watch the smiles break out when a little one receives a dress or a pair of pants or a sweater. These clothes are like a ray of sunshine in the midst of a very drab existence. You can feel the gratitude of the crowd for these little acts of kindness. The Korean is always

pleased when you do something for his children. "A little child shall lead them" is true over here, as anywhere else; and one comes to realize more and more that children are the same the world over — loveable.

These refugees, especially in Pusan in South Korea, are living under the worst conditions I have ever seen anywhere — and I have been around quite a bit on this relief work. Some are living in caves cut into the sides of hills, with pieces of rice-straw bagging hung over the openings to keep out the rain. Others live in deserted warehouses, the walls of which have been destroyed except for supports holding up the roof. One family is separated from the next by rice-straw bag partitions.

Practically all the 94,000 people in Pusan have come from Japan. Many are survivors of the atom bombings of Nagasaki and Hiroshima. Many children now living with grandparents were orphaned when both parents were killed by the atom bombs dropped on those two cities. Those who came through unscathed in body will carry in their memories until the day they die the terror of those days. They still look



Father George Carroll rode a truck

terrified when they describe the scenes that followed the bombing. It must have been a terrific ordeal.

We feel almost helpless in the face of such great need, because we can really do so little. But then, too, there is a sense of satisfaction in the thought that the suffering of these people has been relieved somewhat, even though the relief is very, very small in comparison to the need.



### Thieves in the Nunnery

"THIEVES! THIEVES!" The shrill cry pulled me out of bed. "Robbers! Robbers!" Father Regan jumped up and hunted for his shoes in the dark. "Quick, Shenfu. Bandits! Bandits!" This last call was from the houseboy. We three arrived at the convent of the Chinese Sisters at the same moment as the police. As we circled the house, a Sister at an upstairs window screamed. All pounced on the spot, someone shot on a flashlight — and there stood the villain! "Oh, no!" cried the Sisters. But there was no one else in sight except Mr. Tom Cat, who was scattering roof tiles in his midnight prow. We all hurried back to bed.

—Thomas J. Bauer, Kweilin, South China

by Joseph W. Regan



## SOUTH CHINA SUPERMAN

### A South China missionary describes his phenomenal pastor

I was in a bad traffic tie-up one day in Kweilin. It was early in the war, when American Army cars and trucks were numerous in this large South China city. Nothing moved. Then suddenly, as if by a miracle, the tremendous snarl of vehicles was disentangled. What had happened? The answer stood in the middle of the square: Father Bernard F. Meyer, of Davenport, Iowa, had taken command. He chanced to be passing by, saw the difficulty, and in quite typical fashion took charge.

One day before the war, I went down to Hong Kong with Father Meyer. The procurator met us at the door of the Maryknoll house, a worried look on his face.

"We can't get a drop of water anywhere in the house," he lamented. "And we haven't been able to find any one who will come and fix things."

That was duck soup for Father Meyer. He put down his bag at the door, took off his coat and collar, and began tracing the pipes. In less than an hour, the water was running better than ever before.

I first met Father Meyer in 1929, a few months after my ordination.

He had come to the United States to attend Maryknoll's General Chapter. Since I had been assigned to his Wuchow mission, I went to visit him to ask what would be useful to take with me to China. I shall never forget his reply.

"All you need," he said, "is all the spiritual books you can get."

I had been fond of athletics at Maryknoll and was wondering what sort of exercise we should get in China. "What about tennis rackets, baseball equipment, a basketball, and so forth?" I asked.

Father Meyer looked at me and answered: "You are not going to China to play. You are going to work."

It seemed as though I had made a poor start with my new superior.

I remember well my first Mass on Chinese soil. It was at Shiuhing, half way to Wuchow, in a chapel that had no resident priest. When we finished our thanksgiving, Father Meyer had our first Chinese meal ready for us — a product of his own efforts in the kitchen. From him, an expert, I received my first lesson in the use of chopsticks.

At Pingnam, our mission center

that year, most of the group studied the language. Some of us were supposed to be Father Meyer's assistants, but he did all the work. We marveled at him. He seemed to spend all his time tramping from village to village, preaching and teaching and healing.

Many a time I saw him come back from a twenty-mile walk; hungry and tired, but unwilling to stop for a rest. Instead, he would climb the wall to direct workmen making repairs, or he would take command in the garden. There was nothing he would not do, nothing he could not do. He took charge of the cooking; he had the main share of the dispensary work; he was in the midst of every building program; he preached long sermons every Sunday; he taught catechism; he was continually giving retreats to priests, or catechists, or lay folk. He was the original superman.

I was privileged to see the beginnings of the great convert movement in Pingnam, a movement that, under God, had its inception in Father Meyer. There were only two hundred Catholics at Pingnam when I arrived; a few years later, the figure had jumped to four thousand.

Three times a year, Father Meyer visited every Catholic village in the district. The trip required forty days,

with Mass each day in a different village. The other priests were hard at work, but it was he who fortified the newly won faithful. "Father Ma is truly as strong as a horse!" the Chinese would say. This was a play on words, since "Ma," Father's name in Chinese, is represented by the character that means horse.

Then came the Kweilin period. He built a chapel and convent at Pinglo and established the Sisters there; built or rented new chapels in the area; printed new catechisms, prayer books, and doctrine pamphlets; carried on a huge activity among the war refugees (pre-Pearl Harbor). A fire destroyed half of Pinglo; and before the flames were extinguished, he had new plans for the city. The mandarin accepted them gratefully, and Pinglo was rebuilt according to Father Meyer's design.

All of us will recall that Father Meyer was captured by the Japanese in Hong Kong and rendered outstanding service in the concentration camp. After V-J Day, he launched an excellent Catholic Action program in Hong Kong. Now we await word on the latest nut he has been given to crack, the conversion of the island of Honam, near Canton. There, as only a true apostle can do, he has started life over again, in a distinctly pagan milieu.

### White Milk and Red Blood

From the last letter of Father Esteban, the Spanish Jesuit who was killed by Chinese Communists: "I am content to be a captive and to suffer for Jesus Christ, to work in His service, or to die for Him. Thank you for the canned milk; I sent it to the Reds' hospital, a token of charity in return for their hate. If they but knew how much I love them and all Chinese!"

# MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.



**10,000 People in Chillan, Chile** are without a church. Father James Sheridan, the pastor, has collected some money. He needs \$3,500 more. This is the greatest need among the Maryknoll missions in Chile.

**Jungle Journeys** are difficult and dangerous. But missionaries must reach all their people in their homes and villages. The "roads" of the Bolivian jungles are chiefly rivers. Our missionaries urgently need motorboats. Will you give a donation for one of these useful "river mules"?

**The Roof Leaks.** In Wuchow, China, the weather moves right in with the missionaries. \$100 spent on the roof would stop the indoor rainstorms. Will somebody provide the \$100 for those missionaries?

**What Does He See?** When a native African is told of Our Lord or of the Blessed Virgin, the words in his language do not mean much to him. That is why we are so anxious to have statues. A statue of Our Lady can be supplied at a cost of \$100. It would be a great help in teaching converts.

**Being in Two Places at Once** — instructing converts and caring for the sick is easy for a missionary who has the assistance of a catechist. \$150 will give Father Henry, in Manchuria, the help needed to accomplish twice as much as he accomplishes now.

**They Are Like You.** Those who attend mission churches wish to sit down. But until benches can be bought for Father Smith's church in Chile, they cannot do so. Will you buy one bench? Cost, \$5.

**Eternal Night** is brightened for the blind by the kindness of those who give and sacrifice for their care. Who can spare \$5 to lighten a blind person's darkness in China?

**Push Back the Amazon!** With an outboard motor, which can be bought for \$200, Father Hilary G. Jakowski, in Bolivia, could get to places on the great river that otherwise is beyond his reach. Help Father win more converts!

**Burdensome Secrets** told in the confessional, are easier to bear. Two confessionals, to cost \$10 each, are needed at Father Leon A. Harter's church, in Chile. Much comfort for small cost!

**Gone With the Wind?** No, a South China seminary is not in as bad a condition as that; but it does suffer for lack of good blackboards. The five needed can be had for \$24. We ask help in getting them.

**From Chile,** Father Harter requests \$60 for each of four statues — the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Thomas. Will you give one?

**For All the Future,** you can participate in the Masses, prayers, and conversions of a Chinese seminarian, if you will subscribe \$150 to support him for one year.

**The Mud Roof** of Father Kircher's Bolivian church should be replaced with real roofing. The material costs \$3.25 for 25 square feet — and 4,000 square feet are needed!

# MARYKNOLL MISSIONS IN CHINA NEED

## each month:

- \$5 for support of a leper
- \$5 for support of a blind child
- \$5 for support of an orphan
- \$5 for support of a refugee
- \$5 for support of an old person
- \$15 for support of a native seminarian
- \$15 for support of a catechist
- \$15 for support of a native Sister
- \$15 for support of a native priest
- \$30 for support of a missionary
- \$50 for medicine for a dispensary
- \$50 for the mission rice lines

A donation for one of these needs will give you a share in bringing health, happiness, peace of mind, and religion to a suffering and forgotten man, woman, or child in China



**Third on Your List** — When you make your will, remember: first your family and all personal obligations; then your parish and diocesan responsibilities; and finally, the missions. Ask for our free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS • MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**



**CINDERELLA STORY.** This daughter of an African king lived in ignorance and darkness, unaware of her heavenly Father. Now through the missionary's help she has her birthright—the Faith.

